

From The Pages Of The BOYS™

HEROOGASM™



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From The Pages Of **The BOYS™**

HEROGASM™

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys.**

Story by:
GARTH ENNIS

Letters by:
SIMON BOWLAND

Pencils by:
JOHN MCCREA with
KEITH BURNS

Colors by:
TONY AVIÑA

Inks by:
KEITH BURNS with
JOHN MCCREA

Cover by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

The Boys Created By:
ENNIS & ROBERTSON



FOR DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT

NICK BARRUCCI • PRESIDENT
JUAN COLLADO • CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER
JOSEPH RYBANDT • EDITOR
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JASON ULLMEYER • GRAPHIC DESIGNER



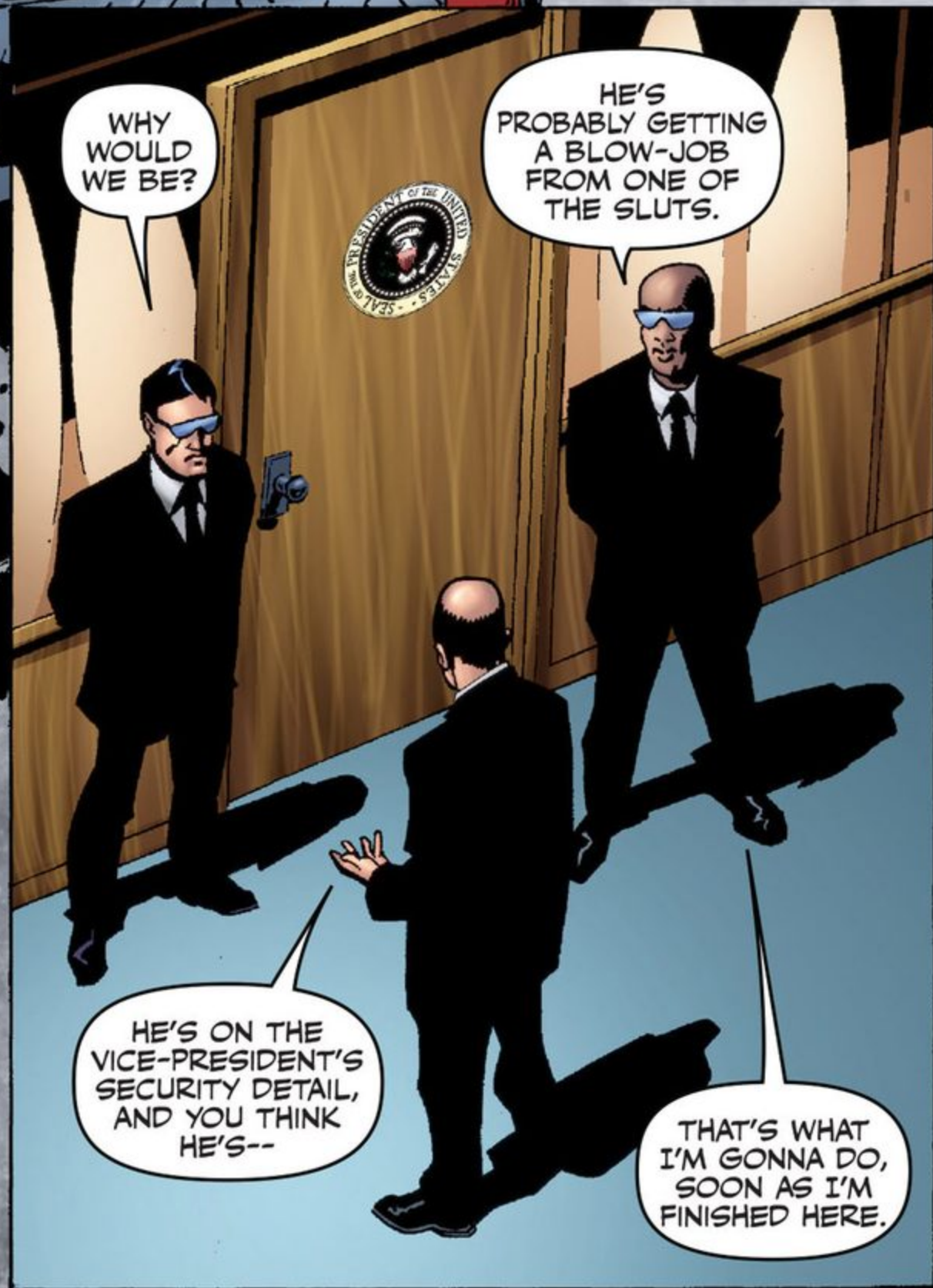
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YOU
AREN'T EVEN
A LITTLE BIT
CONCERNED
ABOUT
LUCERO?



WHY
WOULD
WE BE?

HE'S
PROBABLY GETTING
A BLOW-JOB
FROM ONE OF
THE SLUTS.

HE'S ON THE
VICE-PRESIDENT'S
SECURITY DETAIL,
AND YOU THINK
HE'S--

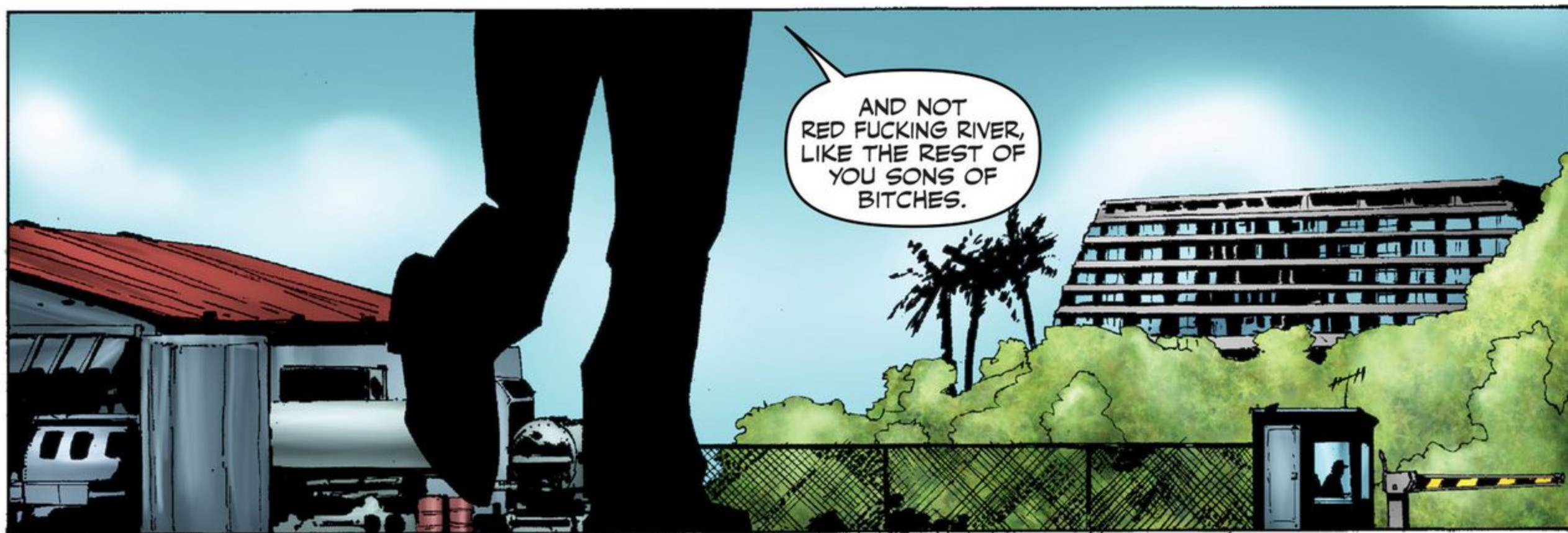
THAT'S WHAT
I'M GONNA DO,
SOON AS I'M
FINISHED HERE.



YEAH, SO HE
BETTER BE BACK
IN TIME FOR HIS
SHIFT, OKAY?

I CAN'T
BELIEVE I'M
HEARING
THIS SHIT...

PROBLEM,
AGENT
DUBISHER?



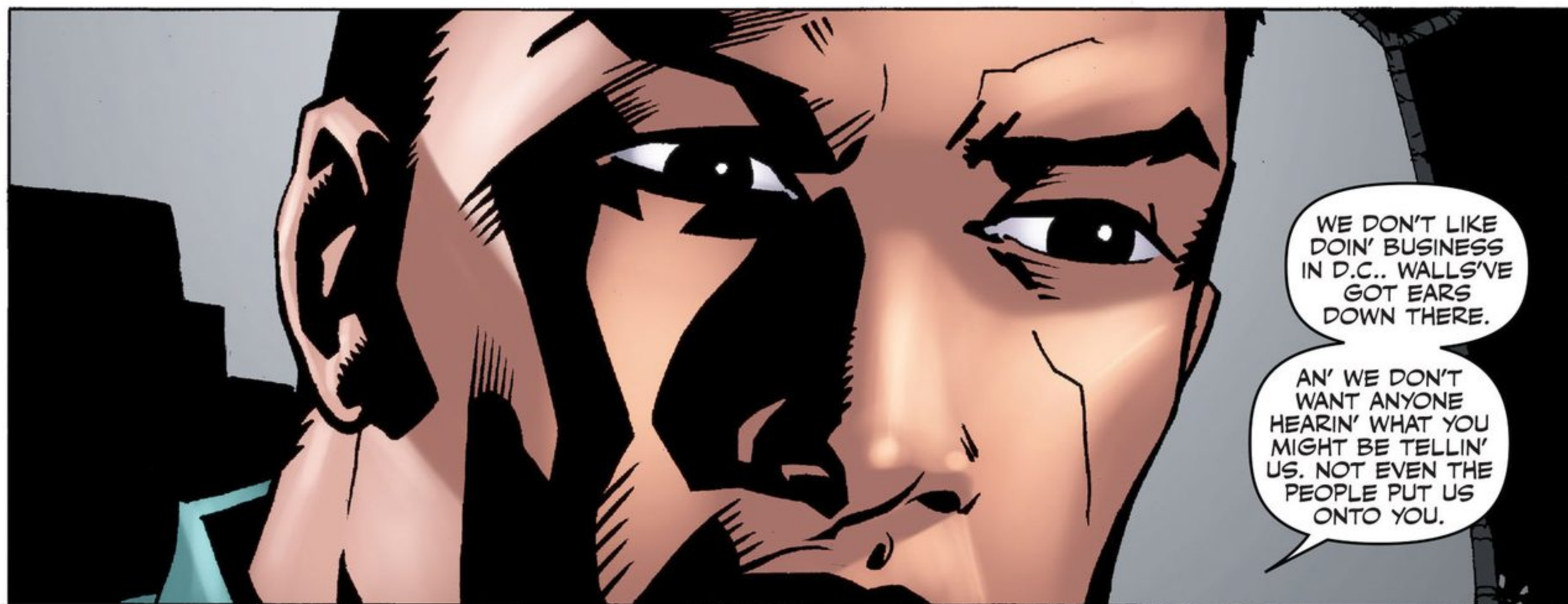


'COURSE
WE'RE THE GOOD
GUYS, MATE.

DON'T WE
LOOK LIKE
THE GOOD
GUYS?

FOUR: SPARTA





WE DON'T LIKE
DOIN' BUSINESS
IN D.C.. WALLS'VE
GOT EARS
DOWN THERE.

AN' WE DON'T
WANT ANYONE
HEARIN' WHAT YOU
MIGHT BE TELLIN'
US. NOT EVEN THE
PEOPLE PUT US
ONTO YOU.



SO WE HEARD
VIC WAS COMIN' TO
HEROGASM, AN' WE
THOUGHT THAT'D BE
PERFECT. MILES FROM
ANYWHERE, EVERYONE
WITH THEIR MIND ON
OTHER THINGS.

COULD'VE
DONE WITHOUT
THE CUNT FROM
VOUGHT SHOWIN'
UP, MIND YOU...

YOU
KNOW
HIM?



NOT
AS WELL
AS WE'D
LIKE TO.

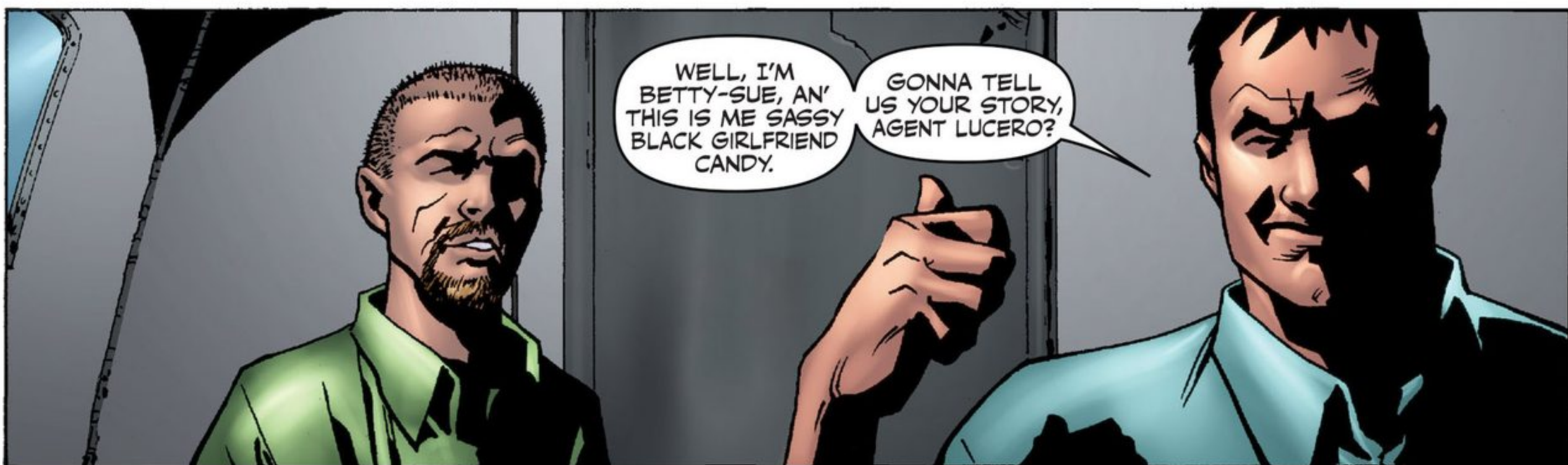
WELL LISTEN, I DON'T
KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING HERE,
BUT GARY GODFREY'S THE V.P.'S
CHIEF OF STAFF--AND THE INSTANT
HE SAW THAT GUY HE HAD HIS
TONGUE UP HIS ASS IN UNDER A
MICROSECOND, I MEAN I NEVER
SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT...



GO ON.

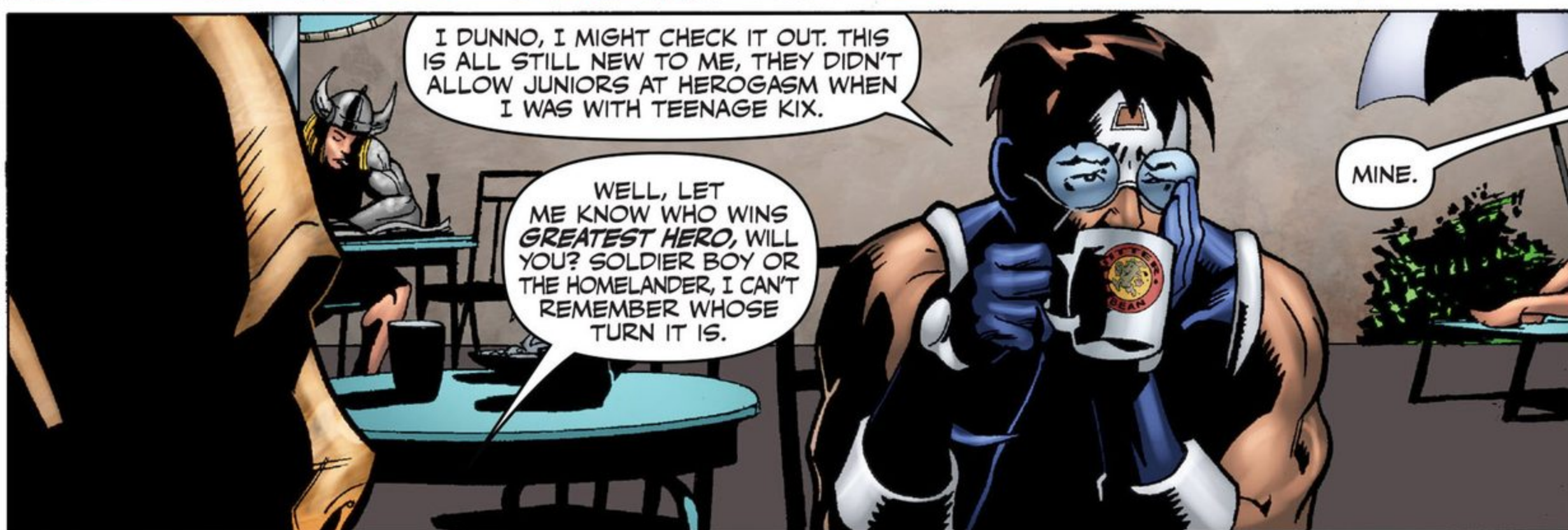
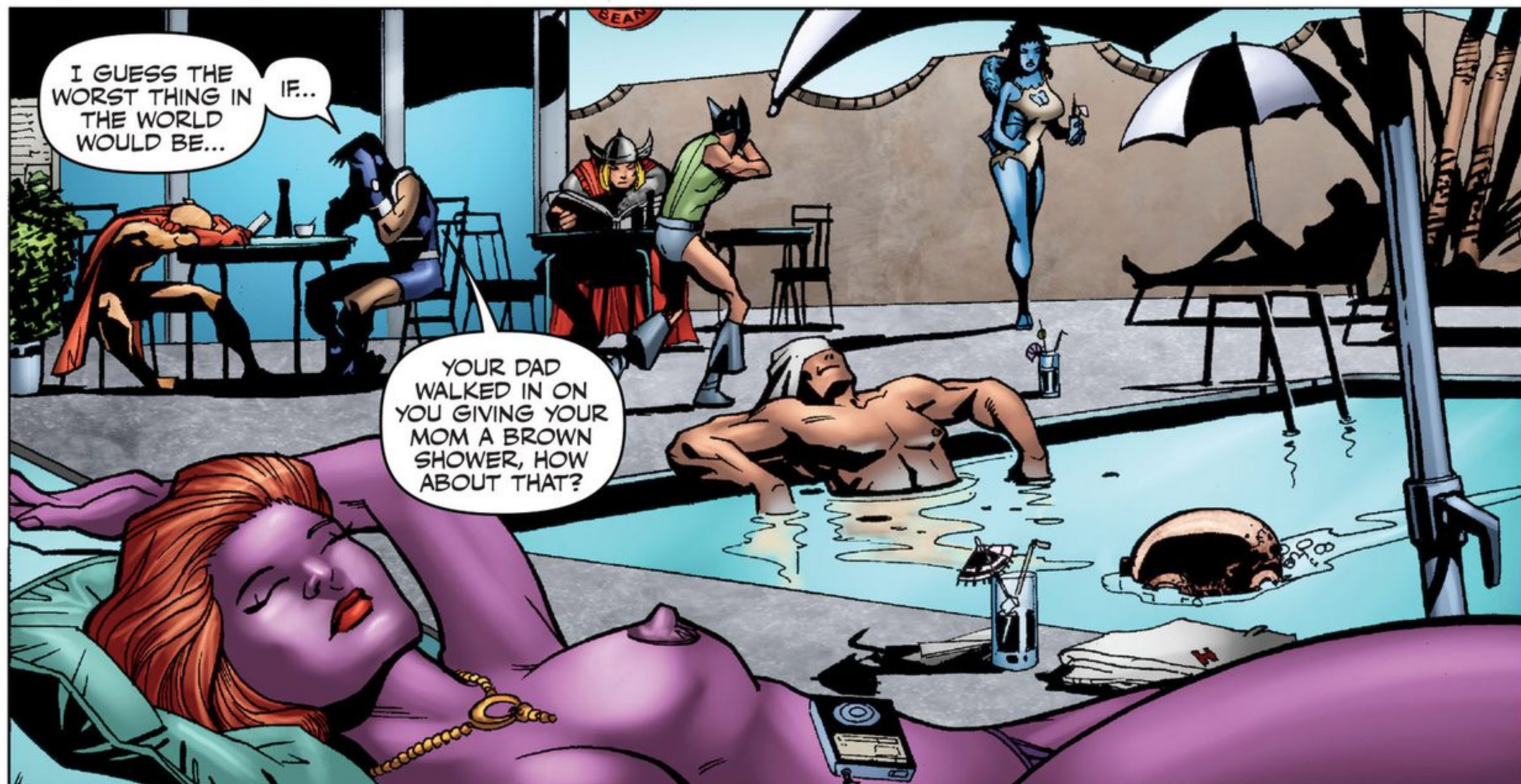
UH...

OKAY, JUST A
SECOND, ARE YOU
WITH THE COMPANY?
I MEAN WHO AM I
ACTUALLY TALKING
TO HERE, YOU
KNOW?



WELL, I'M
BETTY-SUE, AN'
THIS IS ME SASSY
BLACK GIRLFRIEND
CANDY.

GONNA TELL
US YOUR STORY,
AGENT LUCERO?





YOU TWO GOING TO BE AT THE SUPES THIS EVENING?



UH--I--

YOU BET, HOMELANDER. REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO IT, AS ALWAYS.

THAT'S GREAT.



I KNOW THE EVENT'S A LITTLE CHEESEY, BUT I LIKE TO SEE EVERYONE GATHERED TOGETHER IN ONE PLACE. WE DON'T CELEBRATE OUR COMMUNITY ENOUGH THAT WAY, IS WHAT I SOMETIMES THINK.

AND WHO KNOWS, PERHAPS THERE'LL BE ONE OR TWO...INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENTS, MM?

TEN O'CLOCK SHARP.



HUH. YOU OKAY?

DUDE, SOMETIMES HE SCARES THE LIVING SHIT OUT OF ME.



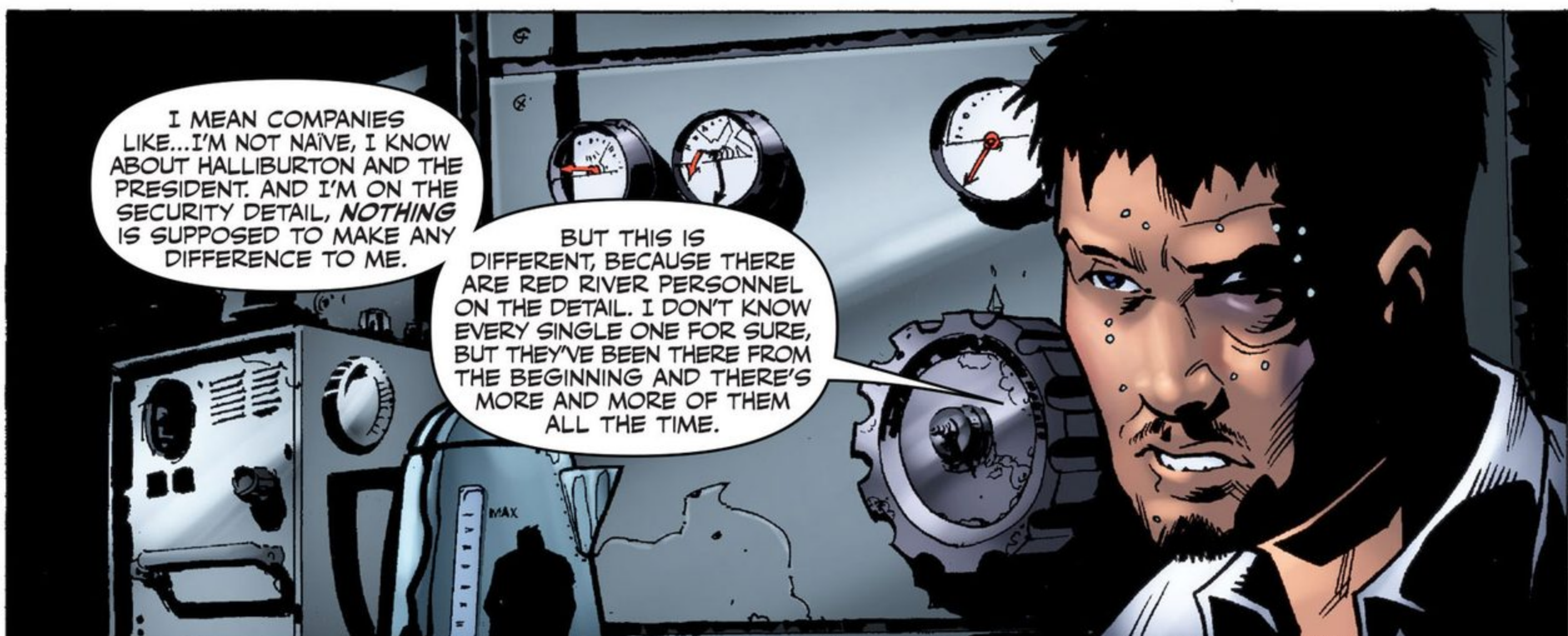
I HAD TO...

I COULDN'T STAY QUIET... BECAUSE...



WHEN I HEARD THERE WAS SOMEONE MIGHT LOOK INTO THIS THING, I FIGURED I HAD TO TALK TO THEM.

BECAUSE VOUGHT-AMERICAN ARE IN. THEY'RE INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE, AND I'M SCARED SHITLESS HOW DEEP THEY MIGHT BE GOING.



I MEAN COMPANIES LIKE... I'M NOT NAIVE, I KNOW ABOUT HALLIBURTON AND THE PRESIDENT. AND I'M ON THE SECURITY DETAIL, *NOTHING* IS SUPPOSED TO MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO ME.

BUT THIS IS DIFFERENT, BECAUSE THERE ARE RED RIVER PERSONNEL ON THE DETAIL. I DON'T KNOW EVERY SINGLE ONE FOR SURE, BUT THEY'VE BEEN THERE FROM THE BEGINNING AND THERE'S MORE AND MORE OF THEM ALL THE TIME.



HHHH.

JOINING THE SECRET SERVICE MEANT EVERYTHING TO ME. I WAS MARINE RECON FOR FIVE YEARS, BUT I FIGURED THE *ULTIMATE* SERVICE TO MY COUNTRY WOULD BE TO PROTECT THE PRESIDENT. WITH MY LIFE IF NEED BE.

AND YOU CAN SAY WHAT YOU LIKE ABOUT ME HAVING A MARTYR COMPLEX, I DON'T CARE. TAKING A BULLET FOR THE LEADER OF THE FREE WORLD WAS A PRICE I WAS WILLING TO PAY.



"YOU TELL YOURSELF IT'S ABOUT THE OFFICE OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT, NOT THE MAN HIMSELF. YOU DO YOUR JOB."



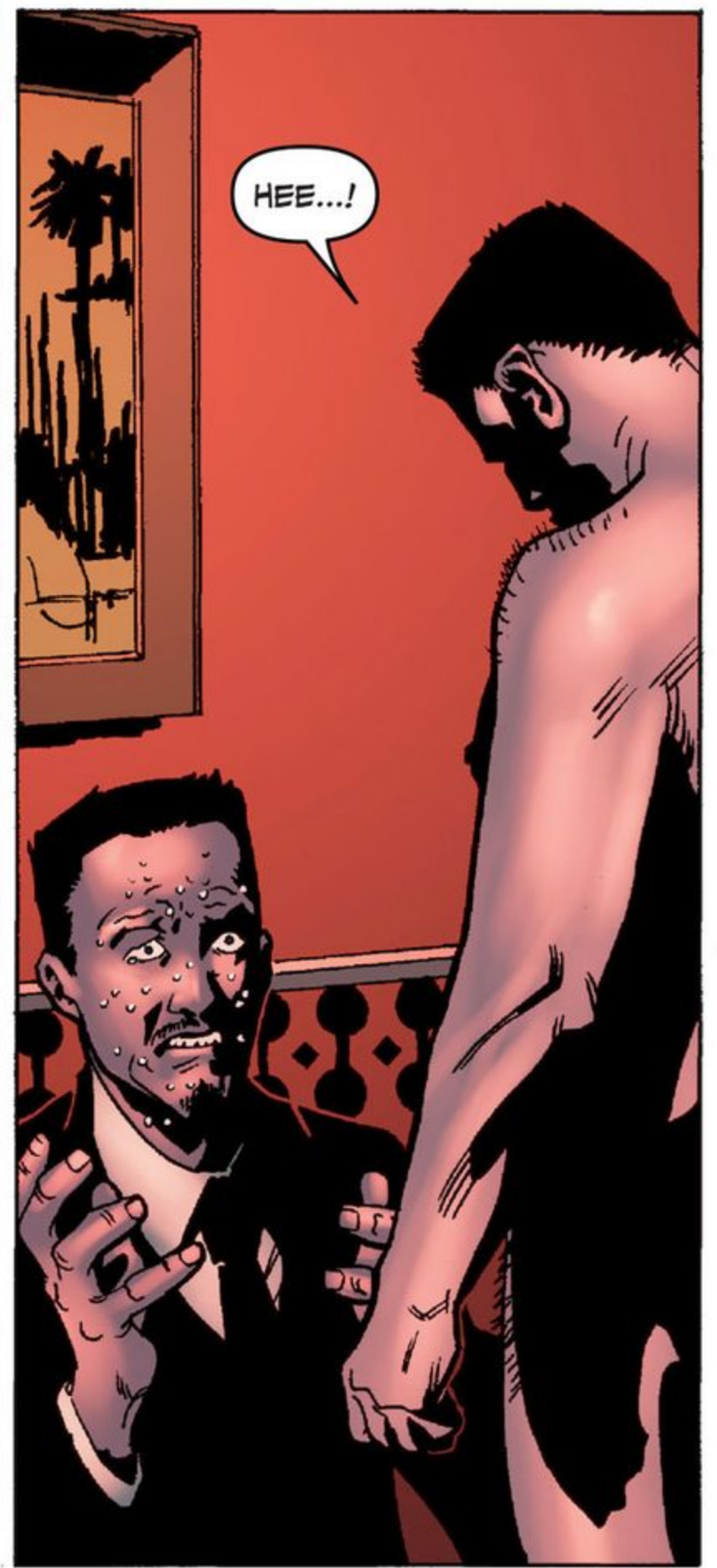
"YOU FEEL PRETTY SHITTY ABOUT JUST WHAT THIS MEANS, BUT YOU TELL YOURSELF THE JOB HE DOES BRINGS STRESS YOU CAN'T IMAGINE."

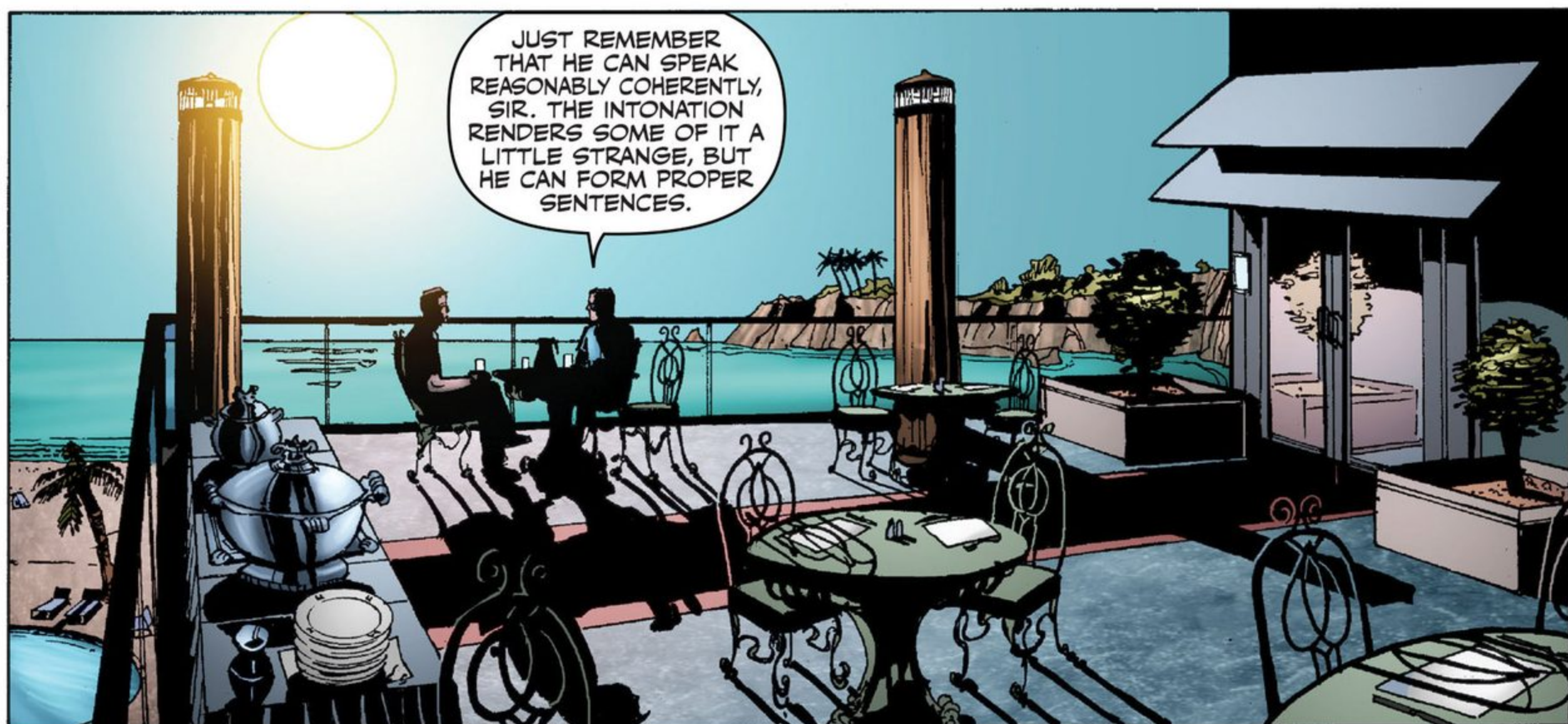
"YOU TELL YOURSELF A MAN HAS NEEDS."



"YOU TELL YOURSELF ALL KINDS OF THINGS."







JUST REMEMBER THAT HE CAN SPEAK REASONABLY COHERENTLY, SIR. THE INTONATION RENDERS SOME OF IT A LITTLE STRANGE, BUT HE CAN FORM PROPER SENTENCES.

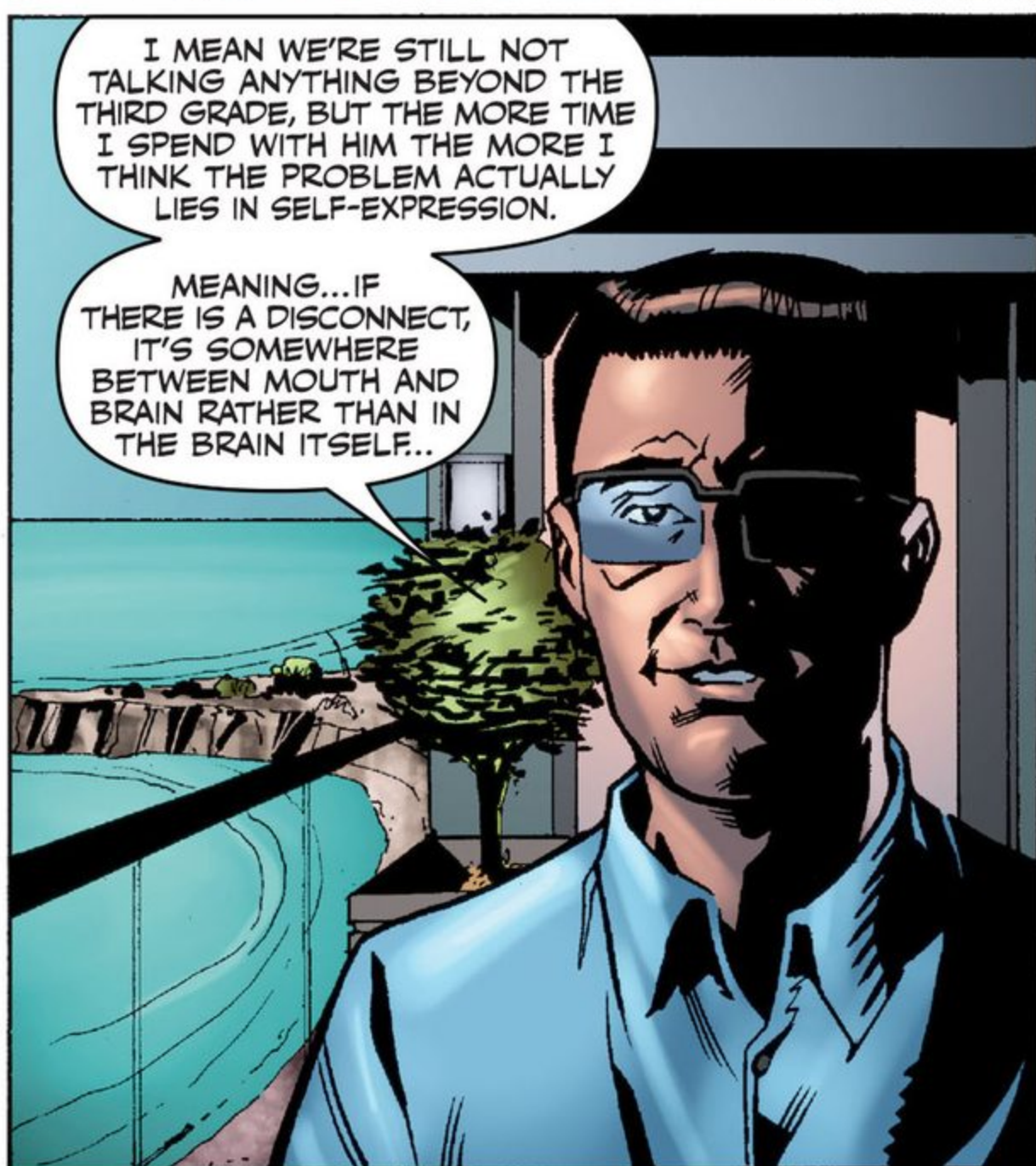


I KNOW.

IT WON'T BE AS GOOD AS WHEN WE TEACH HIM SPEECHES BY ROTE, BUT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW HIM.

RIGHT.

ACTUALLY, I SOMETIMES WONDER IF HE'S SLIGHTLY MORE TOGETHER THAN HE LETS ON...



I MEAN WE'RE STILL NOT TALKING ANYTHING BEYOND THE THIRD GRADE, BUT THE MORE TIME I SPEND WITH HIM THE MORE I THINK THE PROBLEM ACTUALLY LIES IN SELF-EXPRESSION.

MEANING...IF THERE IS A DISCONNECT, IT'S SOMEWHERE BETWEEN MOUTH AND BRAIN RATHER THAN IN THE BRAIN ITSELF...



I HAVE ACTUALLY DEALT WITH HIM BEFORE.

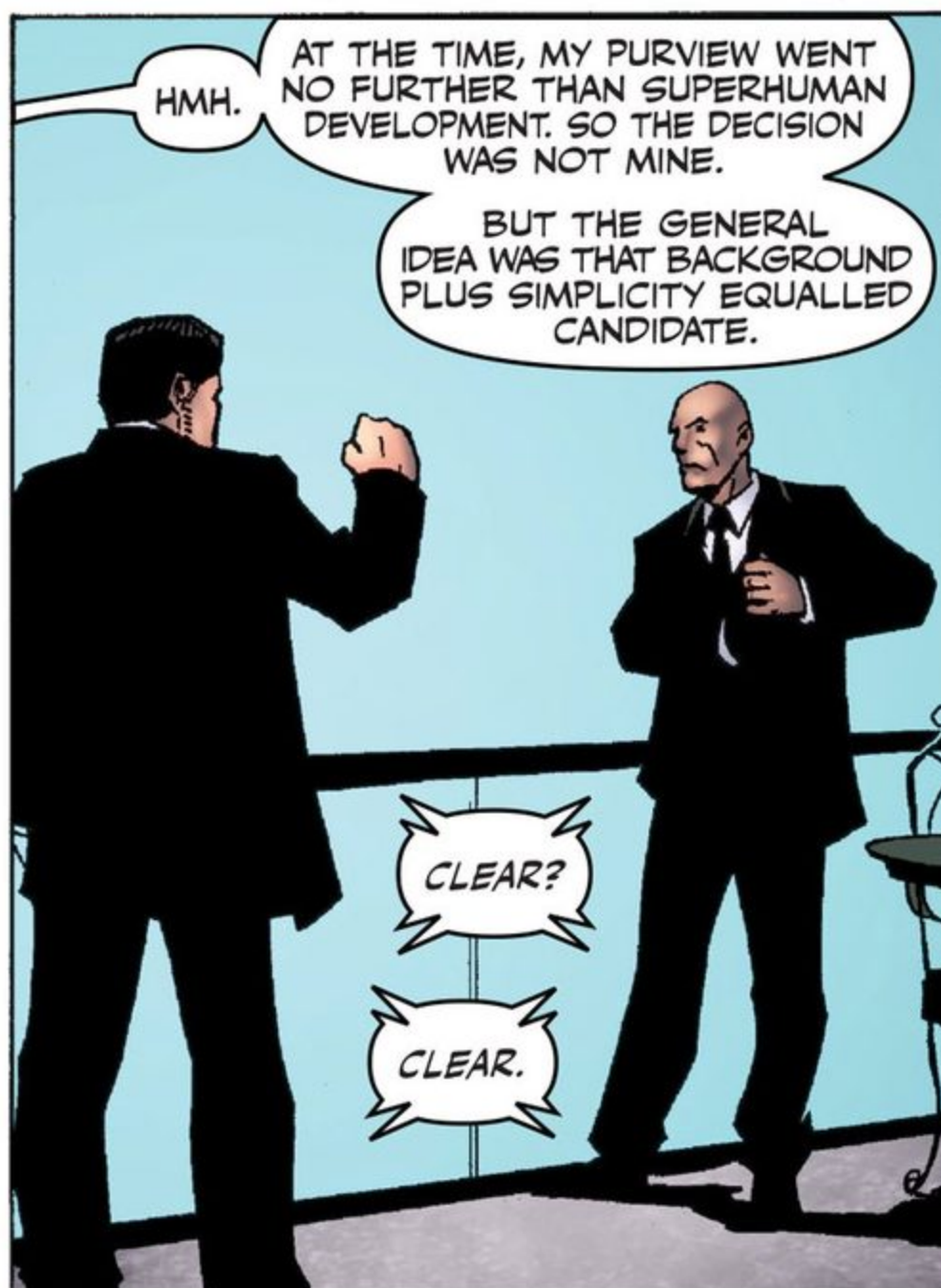
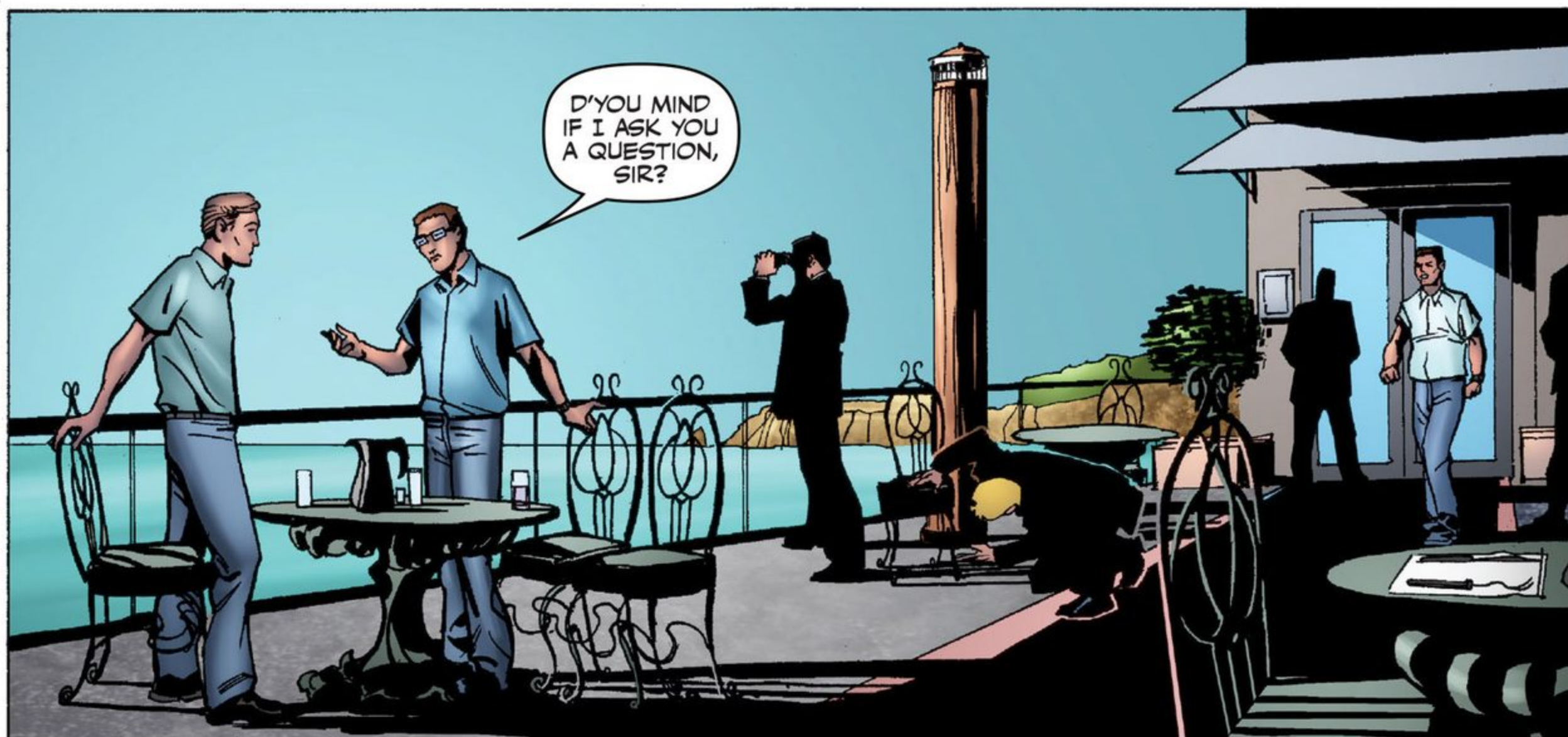
OH, OF COURSE, SIR--

HE WAS LATE EVERY TIME THEN, TOO.



YES, I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT. THE, AH, THE RESCHEDULING DIDN'T GO OVER VERY WELL, HE WAS A LITTLE--

NEVER MIND.





DAKOTA BOB.

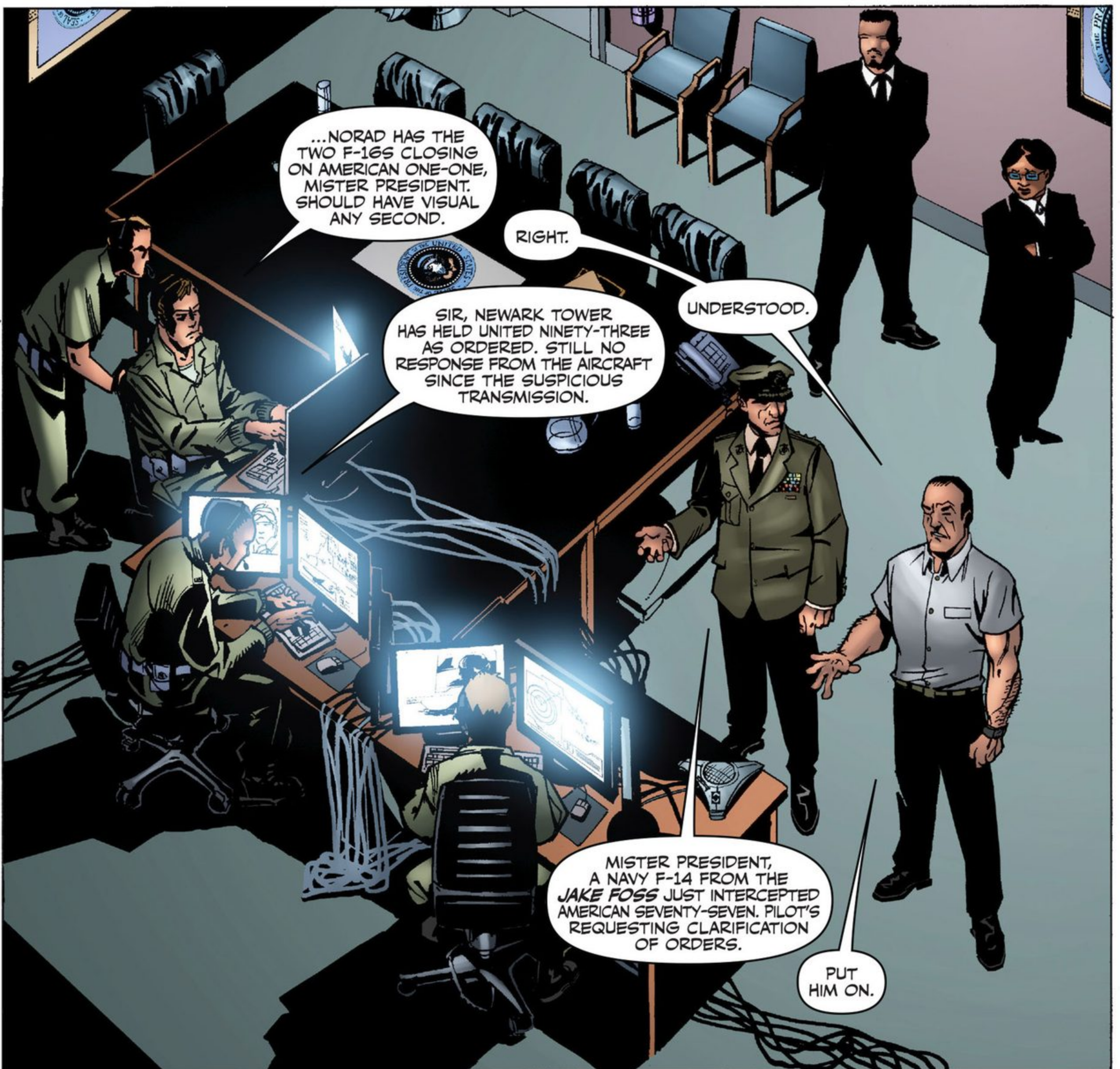
WHY
COULDN'T I
HAVE GOTTEN
HIM.



HE'S A
COMMANDER,
YOU KNOW?

OKAY, I KNOW
PEOPLE HATE HIS GUTS
NOWADAYS, BUT WHEN THE SHIT
HITS THE FAN I GUARANTEE
YOU HE'S THE GUY YOU WANT.
HE'S LIKE GENERAL PATTON OR
SOMEONE, HE KNOWS EXACTLY
WHAT HAS TO BE DONE AND
WHAT ORDERS TO GIVE.

THAT MORNING
IN THE SITUATION
ROOM... GODDAMN,
MAN, HE WAS
LIKE **IRON**.



...NORAD HAS THE
TWO F-16S CLOSING
ON AMERICAN ONE-ONE,
MISTER PRESIDENT.
SHOULD HAVE VISUAL
ANY SECOND.

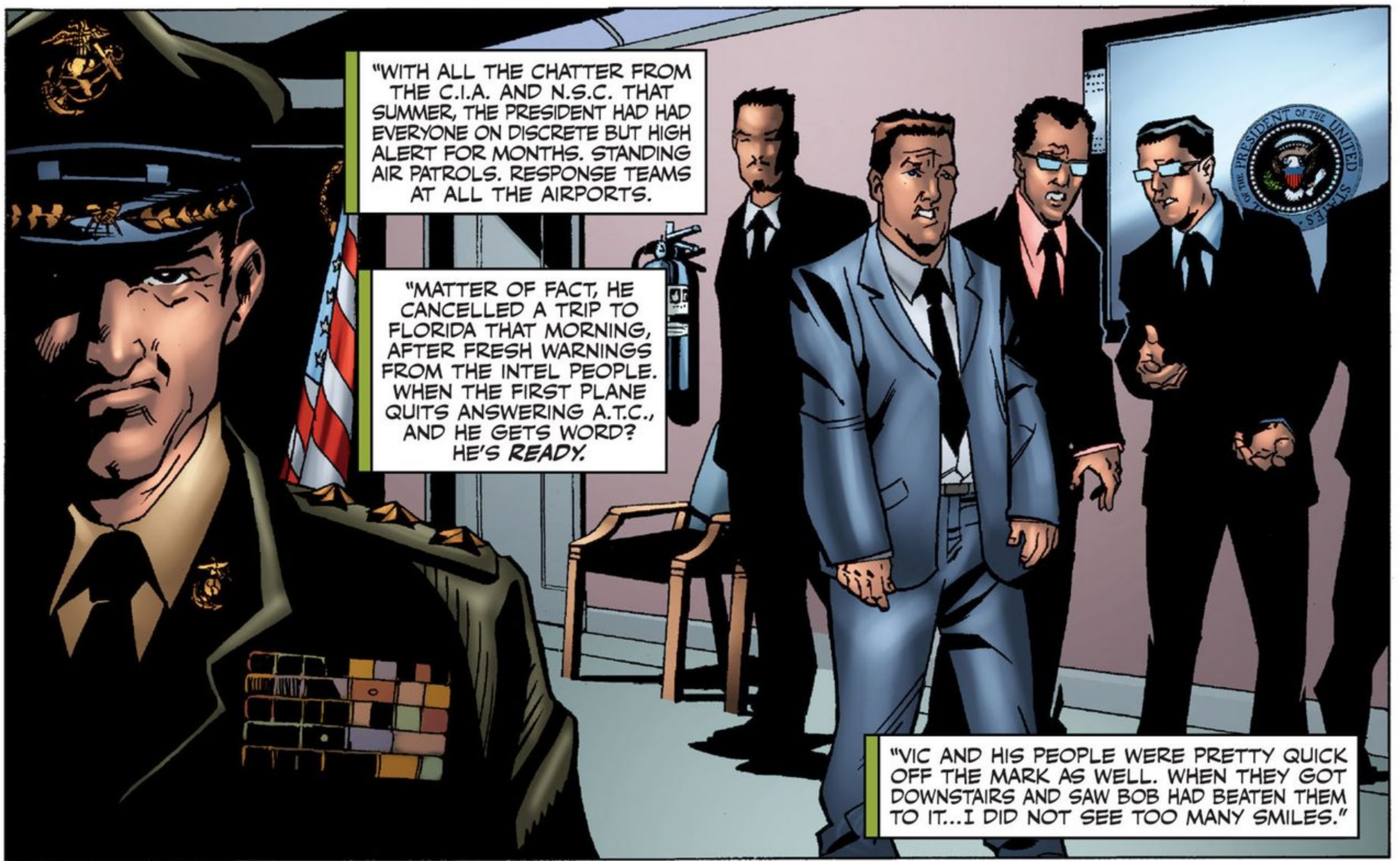
RIGHT.

SIR, NEWARK TOWER
HAS HELD UNITED NINETY-THREE
AS ORDERED. STILL NO
RESPONSE FROM THE AIRCRAFT
SINCE THE SUSPICIOUS
TRANSMISSION.

UNDERSTOOD.

MISTER PRESIDENT,
A NAVY F-14 FROM THE
JAKE FOSS JUST INTERCEPTED
AMERICAN SEVENTY-SEVEN. PILOT'S
REQUESTING CLARIFICATION
OF ORDERS.

PUT
HIM ON.



"WITH ALL THE CHATTER FROM THE C.I.A. AND N.S.C. THAT SUMMER, THE PRESIDENT HAD HAD EVERYONE ON DISCRETE BUT HIGH ALERT FOR MONTHS. STANDING AIR PATROLS. RESPONSE TEAMS AT ALL THE AIRPORTS.

"MATTER OF FACT, HE CANCELLED A TRIP TO FLORIDA THAT MORNING, AFTER FRESH WARNINGS FROM THE INTEL PEOPLE. WHEN THE FIRST PLANE QUIT ANSWERING A.T.C., AND HE GETS WORD? HE'S READY.

"VIC AND HIS PEOPLE WERE PRETTY QUICK OFF THE MARK AS WELL. WHEN THEY GOT DOWNSTAIRS AND SAW BOB HAD BEATEN THEM TO IT...I DID NOT SEE TOO MANY SMILES."



YOU MEAN...

I THINK THE PRESIDENT WAS MEANT TO BE IN FLORIDA.



SAY AGAIN THIS IS GREEN OCEAN ONE, GREEN OCEAN ONE, NORAD, REPEAT YOUR LAST--

GREEN OCEAN ONE, DO YOU RECOGNIZE MY VOICE?



AH--

SIR?

GREEN OCEAN ONE, YOU ARE ORDERED TO ENGAGE AND DESTROY THE TARGET.

BUT-- SIR, IT'S A--

IT'S A COMMERCIAL AIRLINER FULL OF INNOCENT CIVILIANS, AND BY THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY ON GOD'S EARTH I AM ORDERING YOU TO SHOOT IT DOWN.





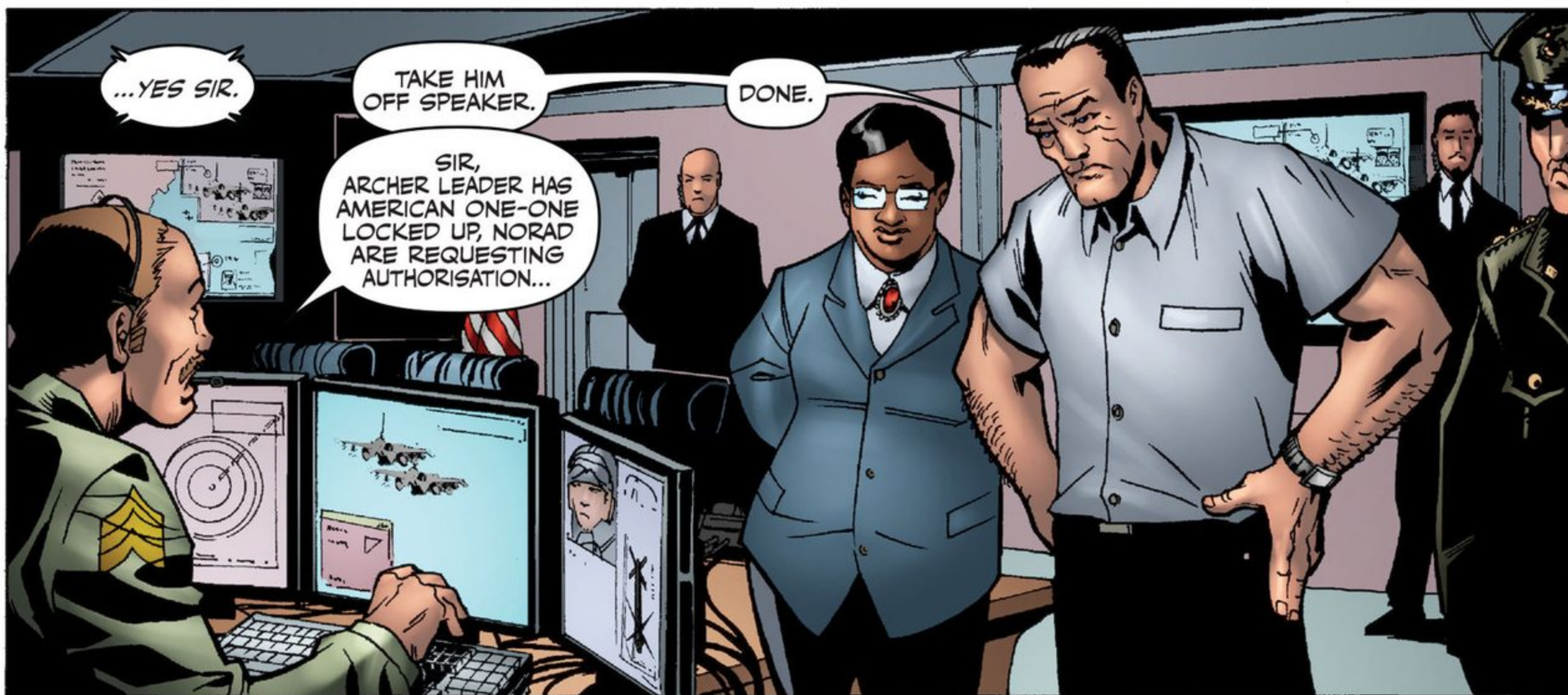
SIR...!

SON, WE BELIEVE SOMEONE'S TAKING A SHOT AT US TODAY, SOMEONE WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING. WHAT THAT MEANS IS THIS IS WAR.



AND IN WAR WE DO UNSPEAKABLE THINGS.

MY CALL, GREEN OCEAN ONE. ENGAGE AND DESTROY.

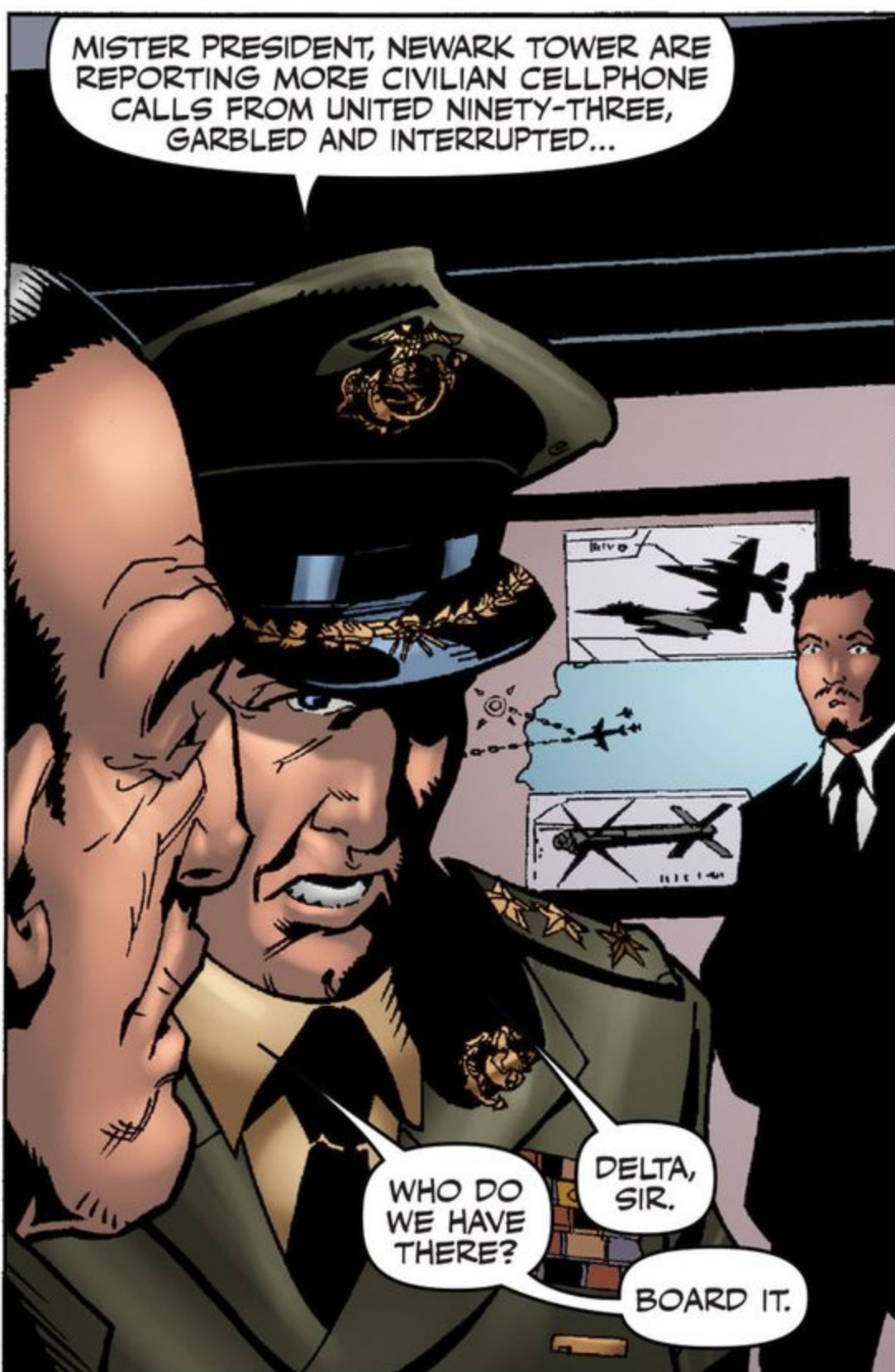


...YES SIR.

TAKE HIM OFF SPEAKER.

DONE.

SIR, ARCHER LEADER HAS AMERICAN ONE-ONE LOCKED UP, NORAD ARE REQUESTING AUTHORISATION...

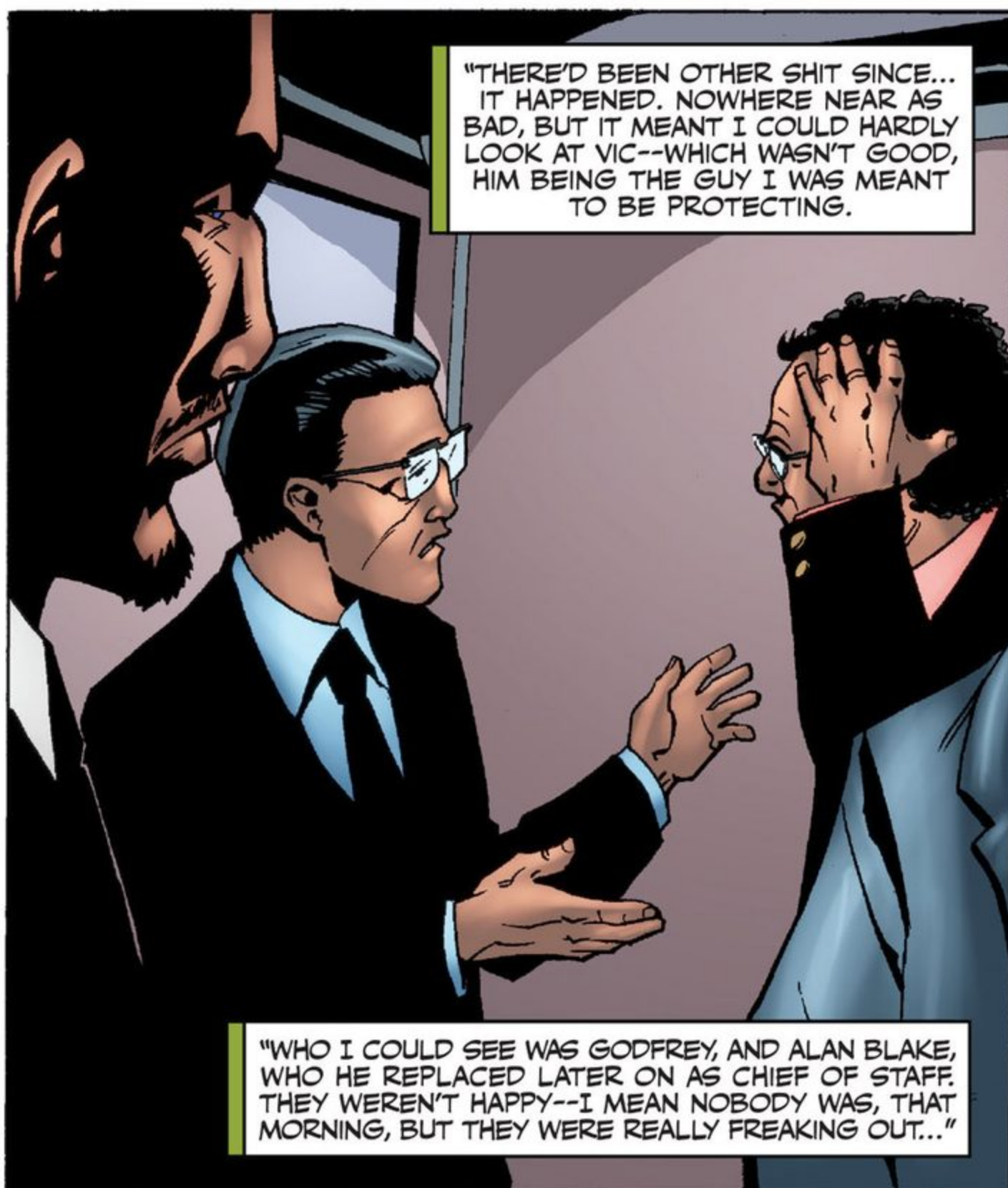


MISTER PRESIDENT, NEWARK TOWER ARE REPORTING MORE CIVILIAN CELLPHONE CALLS FROM UNITED NINETY-THREE, GARBLED AND INTERRUPTED...

WHO DO WE HAVE THERE?

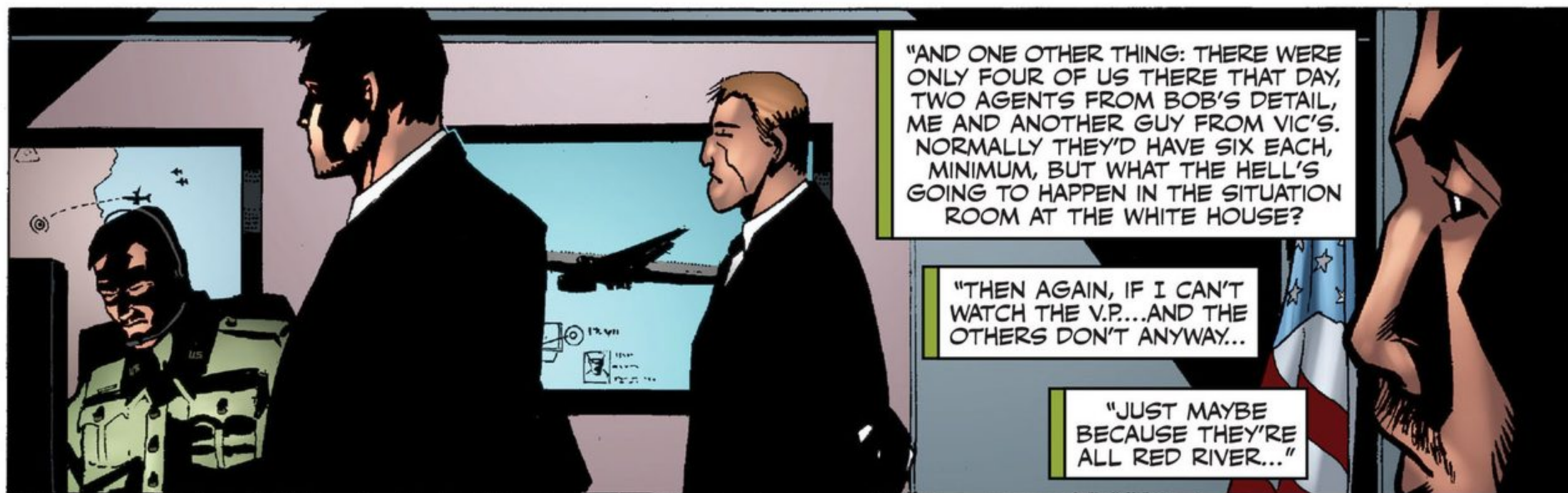
DELTA, SIR.

BOARD IT.



"THERE'D BEEN OTHER SHIT SINCE... IT HAPPENED. NOWHERE NEAR AS BAD, BUT IT MEANT I COULD HARDLY LOOK AT VIC--WHICH WASN'T GOOD, HIM BEING THE GUY I WAS MEANT TO BE PROTECTING.

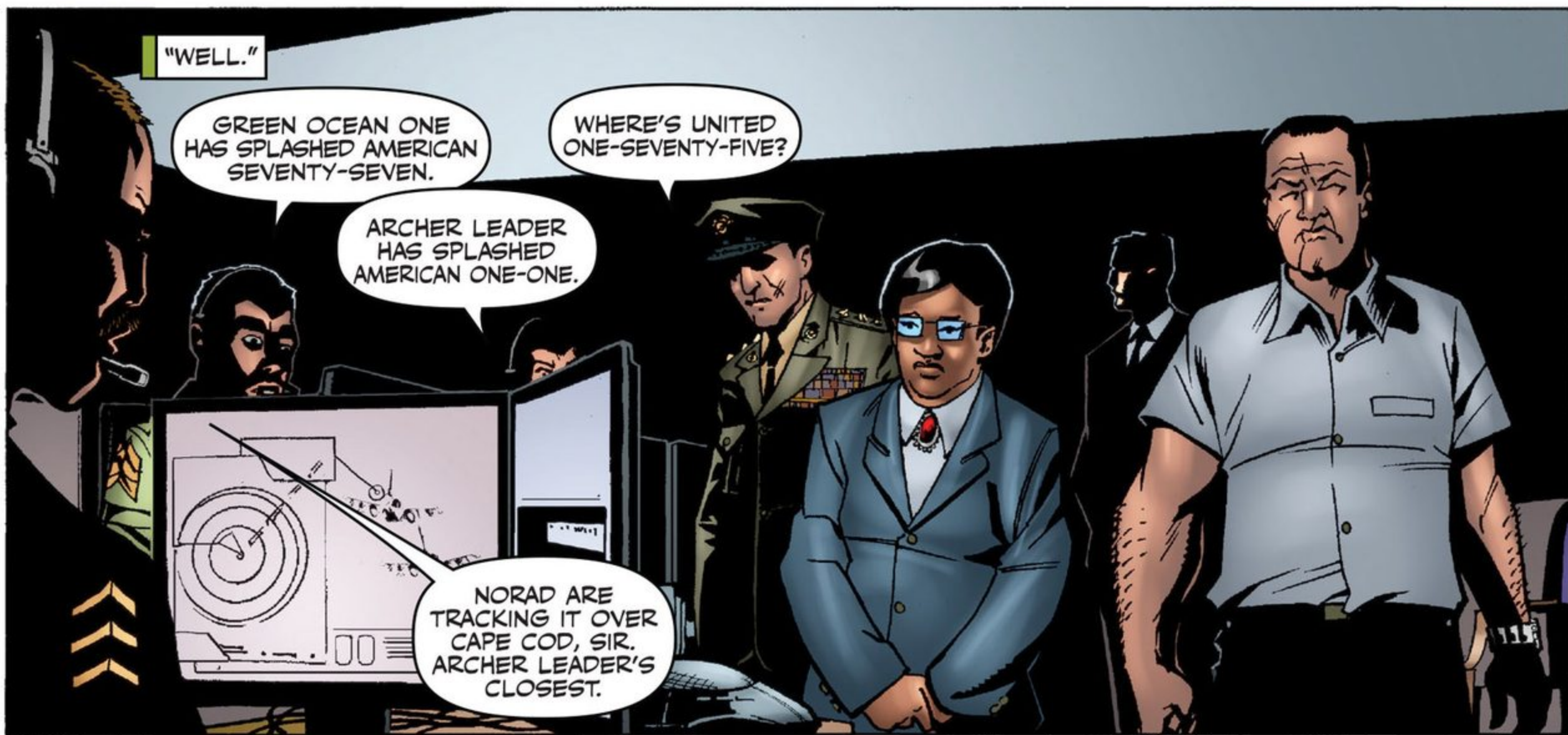
"WHO I COULD SEE WAS GODFREY, AND ALAN BLAKE, WHO HE REPLACED LATER ON AS CHIEF OF STAFF. THEY WEREN'T HAPPY--I MEAN NOBODY WAS, THAT MORNING, BUT THEY WERE REALLY FREAKING OUT..."



"AND ONE OTHER THING: THERE WERE ONLY FOUR OF US THERE THAT DAY, TWO AGENTS FROM BOB'S DETAIL, ME AND ANOTHER GUY FROM VIC'S. NORMALLY THEY'D HAVE SIX EACH, MINIMUM, BUT WHAT THE HELL'S GOING TO HAPPEN IN THE SITUATION ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE?"

"THEN AGAIN, IF I CAN'T WATCH THE V.P...AND THE OTHERS DON'T ANYWAY..."

"JUST MAYBE BECAUSE THEY'RE ALL RED RIVER..."



"WELL."

GREEN OCEAN ONE HAS SPLASHED AMERICAN SEVENTY-SEVEN.

WHERE'S UNITED ONE-SEVENTY-FIVE?

ARCHER LEADER HAS SPLASHED AMERICAN ONE-ONE.

NORAD ARE TRACKING IT OVER CAPE COD, SIR. ARCHER LEADER'S CLOSEST.

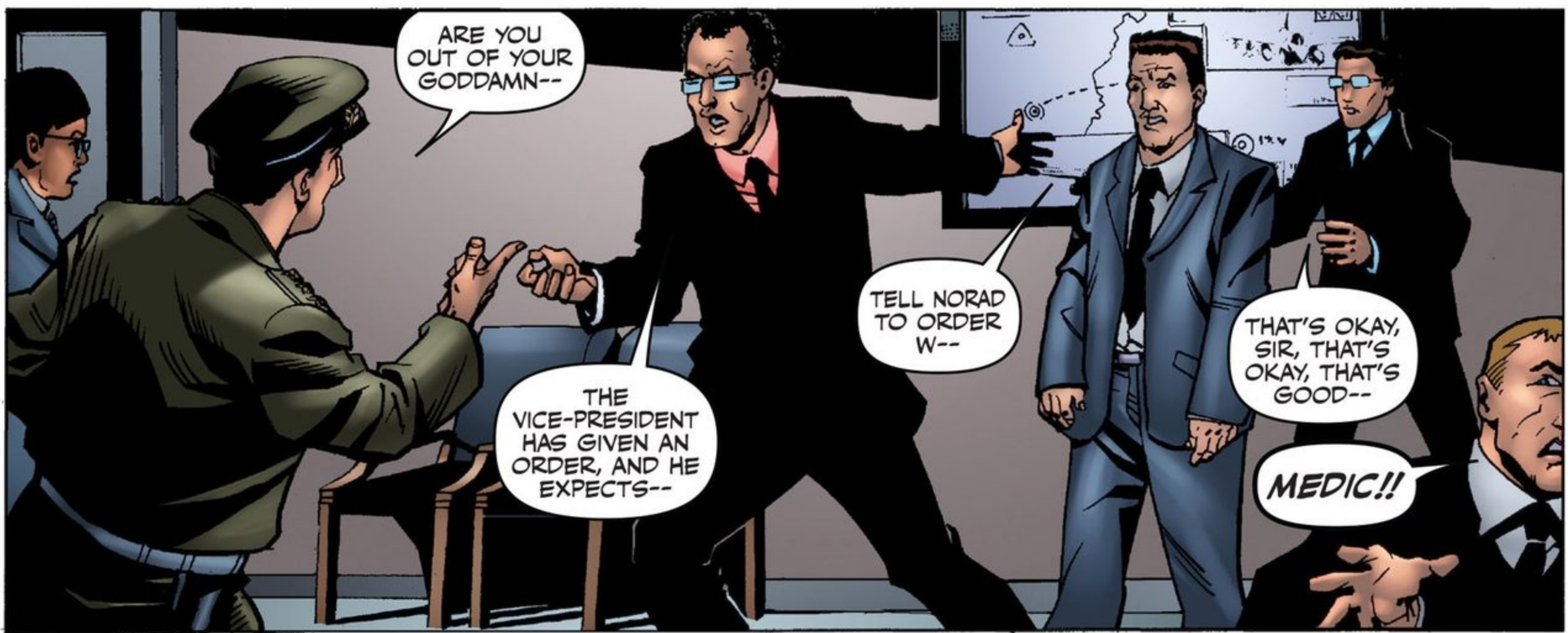


OH, SHIT, DO YOU THINK THAT'S THE LAST ONE? THE NEWARK FLIGHT DIDN'T EVEN TAKE OFF, WE'RE F--

FOR GOD'S SAKE, SHUT UP--!

UNNHH



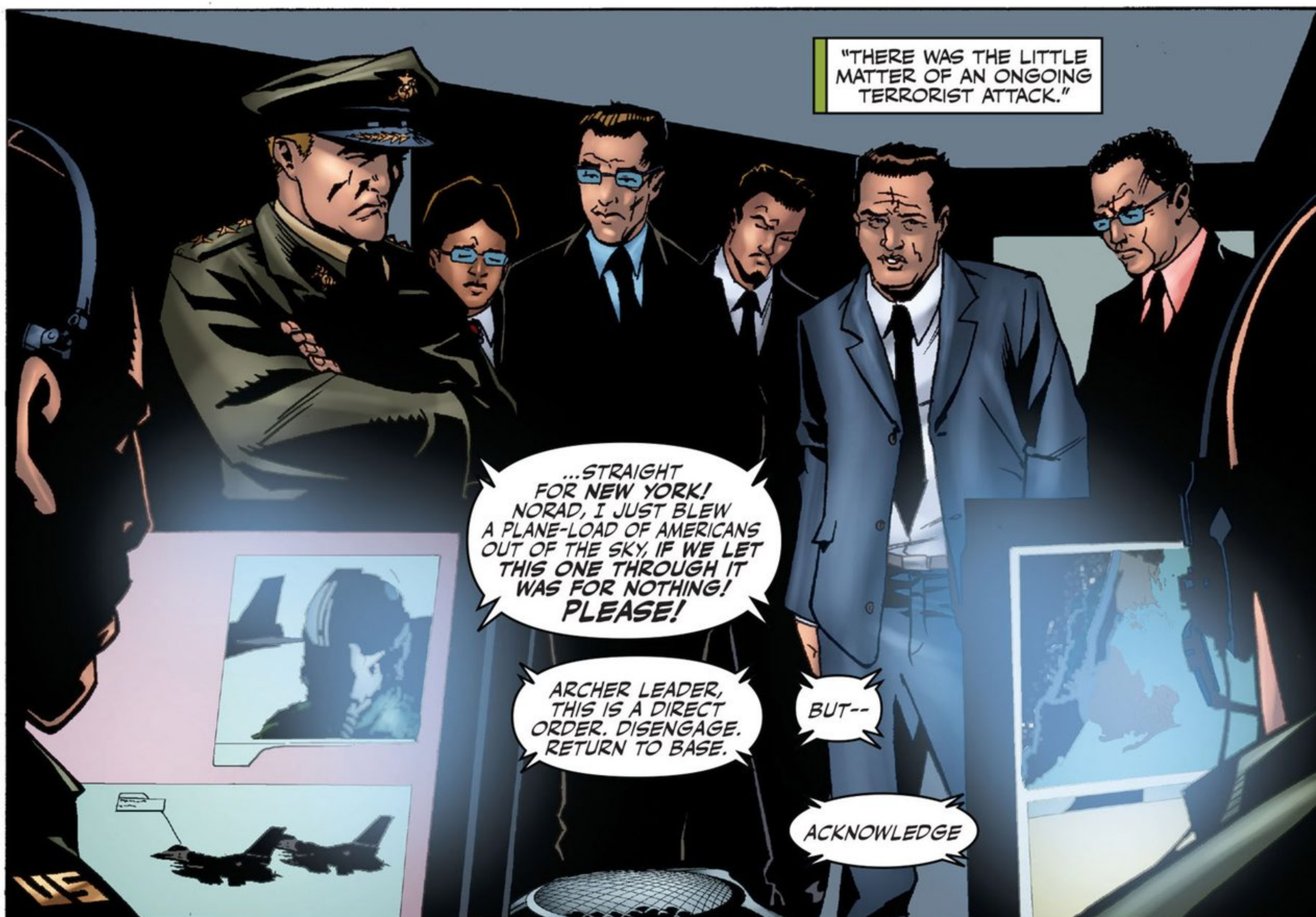




AN' THEY
DO IT.

BLAKE WAS RIGHT. THE
PRESIDENT WAS DOWN
AND VIC WAS CALLING
THE SHOTS.

NO ONE SAW
IT HAPPEN, DON'T FORGET.
AND BY THE TIME BOB WAS
CARRIED OUT, THE EXTINGUISHER
HAD SOMEHOW DISAPPEARED.
AND, EVEN IF SOMEONE DID
WANT TO PUSH IT--



"THERE WAS THE LITTLE
MATTER OF AN ONGOING
TERRORIST ATTACK."

...STRAIGHT
FOR NEW YORK!
NORAD, I JUST BLEW
A PLANE-LOAD OF AMERICANS
OUT OF THE SKY. IF WE LET
THIS ONE THROUGH IT
WAS FOR NOTHING!
PLEASE!

ARCHER LEADER,
THIS IS A DIRECT
ORDER. DISENGAGE.
RETURN TO BASE.

BUT--

ACKNOWLEDGE



OH, JESUS.

JESUS
CHRIST.

ARCHER TWO,
BREAK LEFT.



YES--

WAIT.

WHAT
THE HELL--

ARCHER
LEADER?

I THOUGHT
I SAW...

NOTHING.

FUCK IT.



"LET'S
GO HOME."

AND YOU
COULD TELL THE
GUY WAS CRYING
LIKE A KID.



YOU'RE...
NO' SAYIN' THEY
HAD A HAND IN
THE PLANES...

NO. VIC'S
OFFICE GOT THE
SAME INTELLIGENCE
REPORTS AS THE
PRESIDENT'S. THEY
KNEW SOMETHING
WAS COMING JUST
LIKE HE DID.

ALL THEY HAD
TO DO WAS FIGURE
THE LIKELIEST TIME
FOR THE SHIT TO HEAD
FANWARDS. LIKE I SAY,
NORAD WERE ALREADY
ON HIGH ALERT.



THEN IT WAS
JUST A MATTER OF
GETTING THE PRESIDENT
OUT OF THE WAY, FOR
WHATEVER THE *FUCK*
IT WAS THEY WERE
DOING...

OH, THEY
WERE--

HUGHIE.



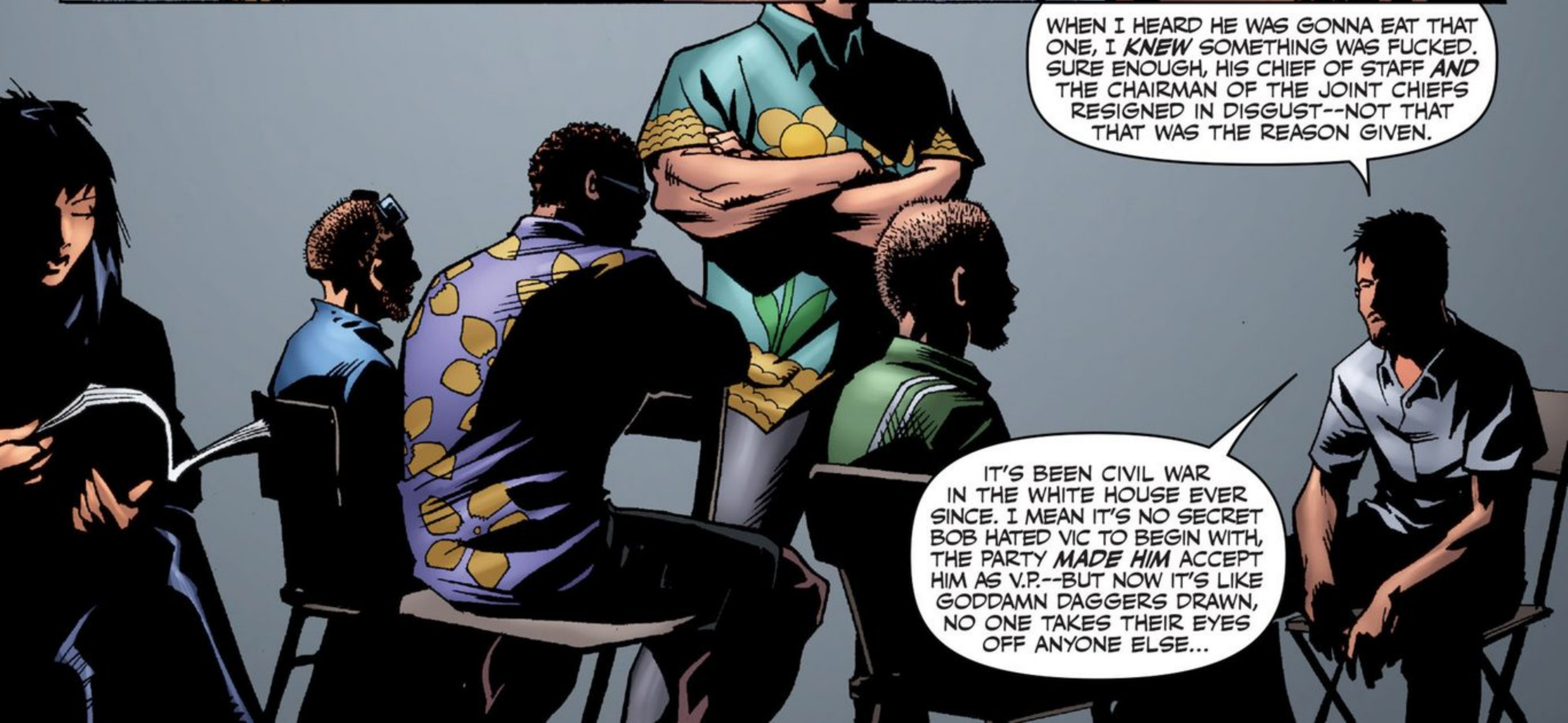
WHAT
WAS HE
ABOUT
TO--?

WHAT
HAPPENED
NEXT?



NEXT, THERE
WAS AN INQUIRY. A
BULLSHIT ONE.

BECAUSE NO ONE
SAW ANYTHING, NO ONE
COULD PROVE BOB DIDN'T
FALL AND HIT HIS HEAD--NOT
EVEN BOB. OFFICIALLY, HE WAS
IN CHARGE THROUGHOUT
THE ATTACK.



WHEN I HEARD HE WAS GONNA EAT THAT
ONE, I *KNEW* SOMETHING WAS FUCKED.
SURE ENOUGH, HIS CHIEF OF STAFF *AND*
THE CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS
RESIGNED IN DISGUST--NOT THAT
THAT WAS THE REASON GIVEN.

IT'S BEEN CIVIL WAR
IN THE WHITE HOUSE EVER
SINCE. I MEAN IT'S NO SECRET
BOB HATED VIC TO BEGIN WITH,
THE PARTY *MADE HIM* ACCEPT
HIM AS V.P.--BUT NOW IT'S LIKE
GODDAMN DAGGERS DRAWN,
NO ONE TAKES THEIR EYES
OFF ANYONE ELSE...



AND IT'S THE SAME WITH US IN THE SECRET SERVICE. WHO'S RED RIVER? WHO'S TRUE BLUE?

I KNOW THERE'S VOUGHT MEN ON VIC'S AND BOB'S DETAILS, JUST LIKE I KNOW GUYS ON BOTH ARE FOR REAL. I'M JUST NOT A HUNDRED PERCENT SURE WHO'S WHO.



VIC'S BACKERS ARE UP TO SOMETHING.

BOB KNOWS IT. BUT HE CAN'T PROVE SHIT, SO THAT MEANS HE CAN'T DO SHIT.

ALL HE CAN DO IS WATCH VIC LIKE A HAWK.



WHAT ABOUT YOU, M'SIEU LUCERO?

HMM.

AGENT LUCERO. FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH.

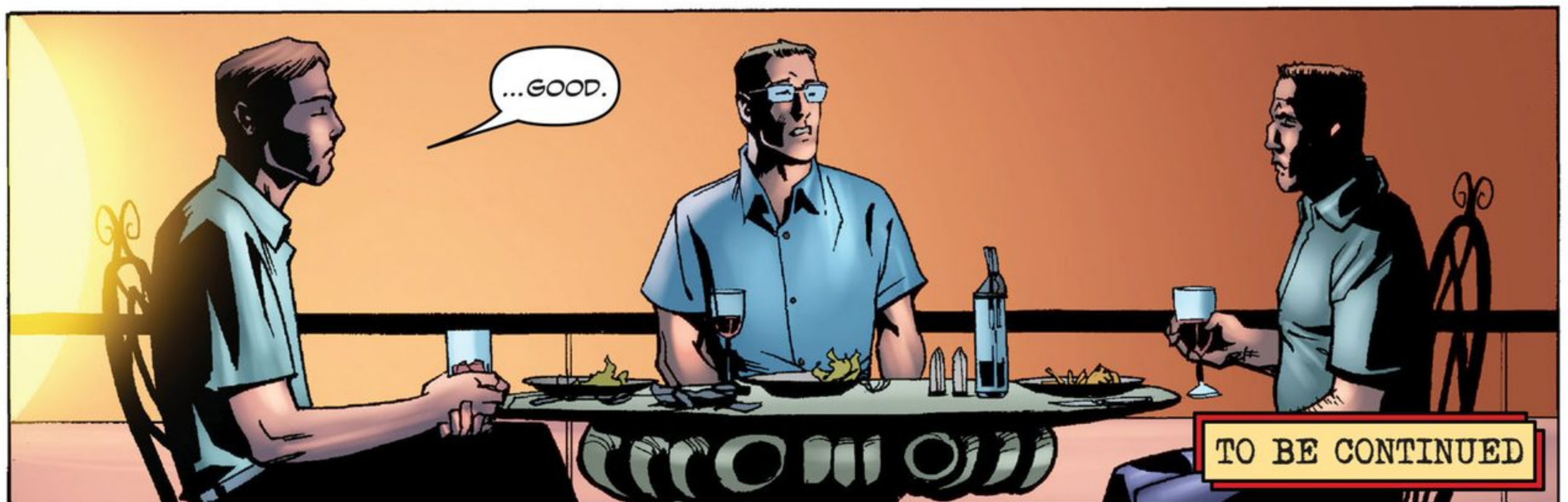


I'VE BEEN KEEPING MY HEAD DOWN. NOT DOING ANYTHING TO GET FIRED.

EYES AND EARS OPEN. LEARNING. WAITING.



FIVE AND A HALF LONG, LONG YEARS, FOR SOMEONE WHO CAN MAKE THINGS RIGHT.





GOBLIN